THE CHARACTER OF A JESUIT.

HE is a Peccant Humour of the Body Politick, that disturbs the Constitution with Intestine Malignity, and after, seizeth the Head; if the dangerous Malady had not been discover'd by the Diligence of some, and Information of others, its Effects had been Infallibly Pernicious and Destructive. He is the spurious Issue of the *Whore of Babylon* and *Antichrist*; he was Born in a Tempest, and brought up in a Wilderness; his Nurse was some Insatiate Bear, that mistook him for her Cubb, and afterwards licket the helpless Lump into her own Deform'd Nature. He is an Injurious Wasp that always frequents the sweetest Soyl, and cannot be contented with his respective Delicacies, but will Sting you, though you touch him not, and disturb your quiet with his angry Buzzings. He is an Ominous Comet, and Portends War, Pestilence, and Famine to that Country where he appears. He is an *Ignis Fatuus* that abuseth his Deluded followers with his seeming Lustre, and instead of directing them to their Journeys end, he wilders them in Ignorance, and leads them through Fenny Boggs, and Thorny Brakes, whilst the Misguided wanderers must work out their Destruction with Toyl and Industry. He is a Cannibal, and accordingly Glurs himself with Protestant Flesh, whilst his Horse-leech Thirst is altogether Insatiable. His Religion is like that at *Amsterdam*, Universal and Unconfin'd, though particular upon occasion. His Truth is *French*, and his Morals *Irish*: His Feet are swift to shed Blood, and his Tongue to Perjure and Prophane: His Forehead is hard and lasting, but his Ears Transitory: His Eyes are unaccountable, and squint, this looketh to *Rome*, and that to *Constantinople*, but his Nose is *Roman*: His Head is as bare as his Fortunes, and his Ears is as large as his Conscience: His Coat is an *Irish* Freeze, and lined with Equivocation, made a purpose to turn inside out: His Breeches are close kneed, to preserve an Oath of Secresie, and his Stockings are of a changable colour, most suiting his Profession: He is Sworn to Celibacy, yet can dispense with Plurality of Women: He'l come a Pilgrimage to pay his Adoration to the Crutch of the poor lame Convert in the Gospel, and after will use it to knock out the Brains of the next

Cripple: He'l Sacrifice Virginity to the rising Ghost of his own Lust, and will drown the VVidow in the Tears of her Orphan: He'l Murther with Zeal and Devotion, and be Villanous with Authority and License; an Oath with him is no more than a Fashion, and accordingly he alters it at his pleasure. He is the repining Ghost of his Banish'd Religion, that obscurely talks about, and Angrily demands satisfaction for the Injury Receiv'd, and unless he be Conjur'd down by a Magestrates wand, and the circle of a Rope, with some lasting *Tyburn* charm, the uneasie Goblin will continually disturb the Kingdomes quiet: an Epitomy of all Villains compris'd into a Method, are qualifications agreeable to one of his Profession: He'l violate Chastity and Virgin Innocency upon the Alter, and will stop the Mouth of the shreiking Sufferer with his *Mass-Book*: He'l corrupt the thoughts of the strictest Matron, and perswade her, that the abuse of her Husbands Bed is Meritorious: He delights to welter in Blood and Butchery, and will address himself to his great Judge with one hand up to Heaven, and the other upon his Poniard: if his glutted Conscience after such a deluge in Gore, shou'd be nice and squeemish, one Dram of Indulgence will immediately digest the Scruple, and prepare the Jaded Actor to attempt a fresh Sally. He is a pernicious Caterpillar, that cannot be content to Feast his Sences with the Luscious Sweets of the Garden, but meanly and basely, must destroy the choicest Plants: He is the Spawn of the Old Serpent, and can wind himself into any mysterious Curl or Figure, whilst under the gilded and spangled Skin, there lies a poysonous Sting: He is a Villain by Birth, and is accordingly improv'd by Art and Education; his Church doth warrant his Attempts, and encourage his proceedings; there is more Religion practis'd on Ship-board, when the Foaming Billows beat, and the busie *Tarpawlins* are in a stickle, or amongst a company of loosing Gamesters, then in one of their Cloysters. I have Read of a Jesuit, that after the Commission of such Enormities, as the most daring Sinner would almost dread to repeat, that instead of confessing his long Muster-Roll of sins to his Ghostly Father, condemn'd his Ignorance, and said, *He Repented nothing, but that he had not been a* Columbus *in Sins, and discovered new Worlds of Iniquities.* He is a Prodigy in Nature, and has destroy'd Gods Image in himself: His Principles are Devilish, and his Practises are suitable; but since he is incorrigible, we'l cease to Lash him with Satyrical Invectives, and so leave him to the Rod of Vengeance.

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